



## A ROBE BY ANY OTHER NAME

As Commencement Day draws near, the question on everyone's lips is: "How did the different disciplines come to be marked by academic robes with hoods of different colors?" Everybody—but everybody—is asking it. I mean I haven't been able to walk ten feet on any campus in America without somebody grabs my elbow and says, "How did the different disciplines come to be marked by academic robes with hoods of different colors, hey?"

This, I must say, is not the usual question asked by collegians who grab my elbow. Usually they say, "Hey, Shorty, got a Marlboro?" And this is right and proper. After all, are they not collegians, and, therefore, the nation's leaders in intelligence and discernment? And do not intelligence and discernment demand the tastiest in tobacco flavor and smoking pleasure? And does not Marlboro deliver a flavor that is uniquely mellow, a selectate filter that is easy drawing, a pack that is soft, a box that is hard? You know it!



But I digress. Back to the colored hoods of academic robes. A doctor of philosophy wears blue, a doctor of medicine wears green, a master of arts wears white, a doctor of humanities wears crimson, a master of library science wears lemon yellow. Why? Why, for example, should a master of library science wear lemon yellow?

Well sir, to answer this vexing question, we must go back to March 29, 1844. On that date the first public library in the United States was established by Ulric Sigafos. All of Mr. Sigafos's neighbors were of course wildly grateful—all, that is, except Wrex Todhunter.

Mr. Todhunter had hated Mr. Sigafos since 1822 when both men had wooed the beautiful Melanie Zitt and Melanie had chosen Mr. Sigafos because she was mad for dancing and Mr. Sigafos knew all the latest steps, like the Missouri Compromise Mambo, the Shay's Rebellion Schottische, and the James K. Polk Polka, while Mr. Todhunter, alas, could not dance at all owing to a wound he had received at the Battle of New Orleans. (He was struck by a falling praline.)

Consumed with jealousy at the success of Mr. Sigafos's library, Mr. Todhunter resolved to open a competing library. This he did, but he lured not a single patron away from Mr. Sigafos. "What has Mr. Sigafos got that I haven't got?" Mr. Todhunter kept asking himself, and finally the answer came to him: books.

So Mr. Todhunter stocked his library with lots of dandy books and soon he was doing more business than his hated rival. But Mr. Sigafos struck back. To regain his clientele, he began serving tea free of charge at his library every afternoon. Thereupon, Mr. Todhunter, not to be outdone, began serving tea with sugar. Thereupon, Mr. Sigafos began serving tea with sugar and cream. Thereupon, Mr. Todhunter began serving tea with sugar and cream and lemon.

This, of course, clinched the victory for Mr. Todhunter because he had the only lemon tree in town—in fact, in the entire state of North Dakota—and since that day lemon yellow has of course been the color on the academic robes of library science.

(Incidentally, the defeated Mr. Sigafos packed up his library and moved to California where, alas, he failed once more. There were, to be sure, plenty of lemons to serve with his tea, but, alas, there was no cream because the cow was not introduced to California until 1931 by John Wayne.)

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And today Californians, happy among their Guernseys and Holsteins, are discovering a great new cigarette—the un-filtered, king-size Philip Morris Commander—and so are Americans in all fifty states. Welcome aboard!



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